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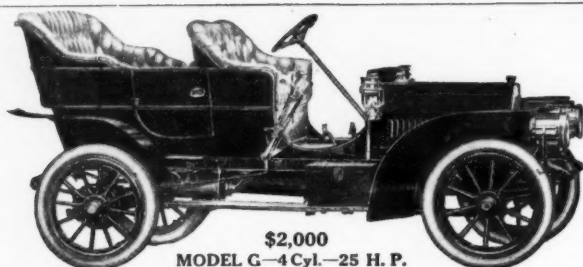
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LIFE



AFTER THE HONEYMOON

"MUST I KISS ALL THE MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY, DEAR?"
 "OH, NO, DARLING—ONLY GRANDMA AND THE BABY."

Woman's Natural Occupation

PRESIDENT ELIOT told the members of the Collegiate Alumnae Association at their recent meeting in Cambridge that training of children is the normal occupation of women, and the one which the majority of women, married and unmarried, take up. The higher education of the future must recognize this fact, he thought, and aim to train women for this natural employment.

This is good sense, and involves no particle of disparagement or limitation of woman's education. We read in the paper that some club women of New York object to Dr. Eliot's conclusion, but their objections are not impressive as objections. One says: "Let the training of children be woman's duty, but man must assist." To be sure he must, and his assistance should be very valuable. But it will hardly be more than assistance. The burden of the work will naturally fall on the woman, if she is competent. She will boss the job; the man, if he is competent, will back her up with his authority, advise with her, and help her all he can. The old, traditional scheme which assigns to man the obligation to go out and make

a living and to woman to raise the family has not, in general, been superseded, and is not likely to be, individual exceptions notwithstanding.

Dr. Eliot is right. The great natural occupation of women is training children, and for the great majority of women the education that best fits them for that duty is the best education. There is no special difficulty about fitting a likely girl for some other wage-earning work, and there are many cases where that has to be done. But the majority of parents who can choose what career they shall try to fit their girls for, see the same large truth that President Eliot sees, and try to fit them, not to be lawyers or doctors or women of business, but to train children.

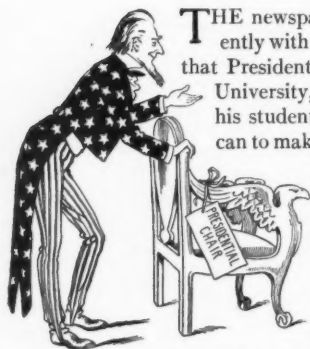
It is impossible to bring too much sound education to that work, for it equals in importance and in scope any work that is done in the world. But some kinds of knowledge are more important in it than others, and when the educational foundation has been laid that makes in girls and boys alike for the general development of the mental powers, the aim should be to teach the girls the things that best qualify them to excel in their natural specialty.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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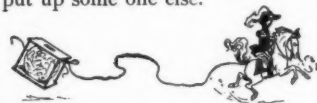
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THE newspapers relate, apparently with due warrant of fact, that President Faunce, of Brown University, has called upon his students to do what they can to make Governor Hughes President. Mr. Hughes is a graduate of Brown, and it is natural enough that he should be Brown's candidate, but we doubt that President Faunce is well advised to run him as a Brown alumnus. It might incite Dr. Hadley to call on Yale to take the field for Taft, and in so far as the fight for the nomination became a battle between college graduates, Taft would do better in it than Hughes, because Yale graduates are much more abundant than Brown graduates. When it comes to selecting a man to run for President it signifies very little what college, if any, he derives from, nor can any college do much for her offspring in that fight. Even if Brown could engage to carry the whole State of Rhode Island for Hughes, it would not give him an insuperable advantage. But if Mr. Hughes got to be President, it would be a better advertisement for Brown than to have her football team beat Yale. It is an excellent thing for any college to have a graduate in the White House. It is accepted as a convincing demonstration that a period of study in that college does not necessarily get a man permanently out of touch with the mass of his fellow creatures, or unfit him to make a satisfactory showing in practical life.

There is hardly anything that takes so practical a man as getting the nomination for President. No man, indeed, has hitherto been practical enough to get the Presidency for himself, but there have often been men who have managed to

get it for somebody else. So Thurlow Weed got it for Zachary Taylor, and Hanna for McKinley. Mr. Bryan is trying to break the record in this particular. He has had a wonderful career as Presidential claimant. Twice he has personally wrestled for the nomination and won it—a feat of individual prowess almost without precedent—and both times, but especially the first time, he ran remarkably, considering that he was a self-nominated candidate. But a man who can almost win elections cannot hold his voters permanently unless he stands for something their hearts are set on, and although Mr. Bryan would apparently be glad to stand for almost anything the Democratic heart yearned for if he knew what it was, he does not seem to know, and, since he does not stand at all hopefully for the yearning to have a Democratic President in the White House, it looks more and more as though the Democrats might find themselves in time to put up some one else.



BUT all this is a digression. Is any important practical man deeply interested in getting the nomination for Mr. Hughes? We don't count Dr. Faunce as really practical or really helpful, much as he would like to be. Mr. Hughes has demonstrated that he is practical enough to do business successfully as Governor of New York, but he has admitted that he is not practical enough to go out and get a Presidential nomination for himself. That must be done for him, if it is to be done at all, and it does not seem just now to be being done with fervor enough, or by hands sufficiently effectual, to get results.

Judge Taft is doing somewhat more for himself than Mr. Hughes is doing, but not too much. Criticism attaches, however, to what is being done for him by others, especially by the practical Mr. Roosevelt, and by sundry other gentlemen of experience in politics who hold offices under the Administration. It is averred that federal patronage is being extensively used to get the Republican nomination for Mr. Taft, and that employees of the Government detach themselves very improperly from their jobs in order to beat up delegates for him. We observe that Mr. Moorfield Storey, of

Boston, a patient patriot who sometimes lifts a warning voice when public evils threaten, protests that these activities of officeholders in behalf of Secretary Taft are very improper and very contrary to the spirit of Civil Service Reform, and particularly improper in President Roosevelt, who has been, and is, a cloud by day and a torch by night to that deserving reform. We should be sorry to think that anything wicked or uncivilserviceable was being done in Mr. Taft's behalf by anybody, and while we could not venture to assure Mr. Storey that his fears are not well founded, we are sure that if he will wait a few months till Mr. Roosevelt has leisure all will be explained. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt sees the need of a new illustration of the evils of using the powers of office for political ends.



A SUSPICION is divulged from time to time that New York has a good Mayor. So, at any rate, it seems to us. LIFE has not expert knowledge of all the Mayor's powers and the way he uses them, but in so far as it lies within Mayor McClellan's authority to make life in New York comfortably feasible, it seems to be done. That a vast deal is beyond his power—economical administration for one thing; better pavements for another—we know, but the Mayor seems to do what he can for us and what is not done goes undone, not for lack of ability in him or of good will, but of authority.

There were good suggestions in his New Year's message to the Aldermen, and one in particular dealt with a matter that has had attention from this paper. He included in some desirable regulations for automobiles the recommendation that except after the first ten seconds after starting they should not be allowed to emit smoke from their exhaust pipes. The smoke, the Mayor said, is wholly unnecessary and simply an evidence of carelessness and incompetence.

That is quite true. The smoke comes from the careless use of lubricating oil and shows that the chauffeur either does not know his business or shirks it. It is an offense to the public for autos to leave trails of filthy smoke behind them in the streets of a populous city, and we hope the Aldermen will act promptly on the Mayor's suggestion, and forbid it.



"LIFE'S" TWENTY FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

E. T. RICHARDSON



REPRESENTATIVES
WILLIAMS AND DE ARMOND DIFFER.



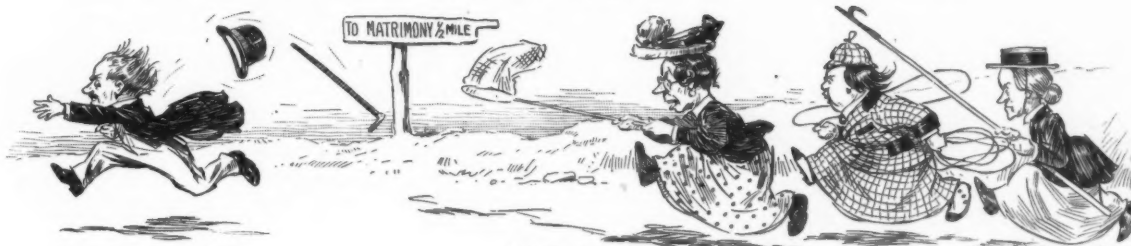
THE NEW EMBLEM FOR OUR NAVY.



A NEW DIVA.



HARD UP.



LEAP YEAR.

A Censor of the Press

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, that most genial of British dictators, has expressed its opinions—more in sorrow than in anger—on the subject of the American Sunday newspaper. This amazing product of our civilization strikes the English critic with something akin to awe. Its vast bulk, the



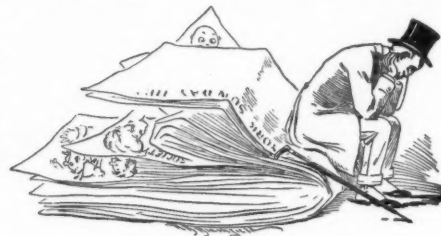
FOR WHOM?

enormous figures which represent its real or fictitious circulation; its wide grasp of material, from literary novelties like "The Wandering Jew," to the range at which Master Archie Roosevelt shot a rabbit; its determination to provide entertainment for every grade of intelligence and senility; its advertisements, its

illustrations, and the generous breadth with which it defines that pleasant word "society," are all equally bewildering to an alien. He pauses to speculate upon the "gifted prophetess," who for twenty-five cents "and upwards" provides "gypsy sympathy, fortune telling, palmistry and spirit communications." He is pleased and surprised to see that the seven royal children of an unpronounceable German principality are as dear to our hearts, and our press, as the lady who sings "Seven Lumps of Sugar, Sweetie" in advanced vaudeville, and whose portrait flanks that of the Germanic nurslings. He asks on what principle of selection this mass of heterogeneous rubbish is collected and distributed weekly.

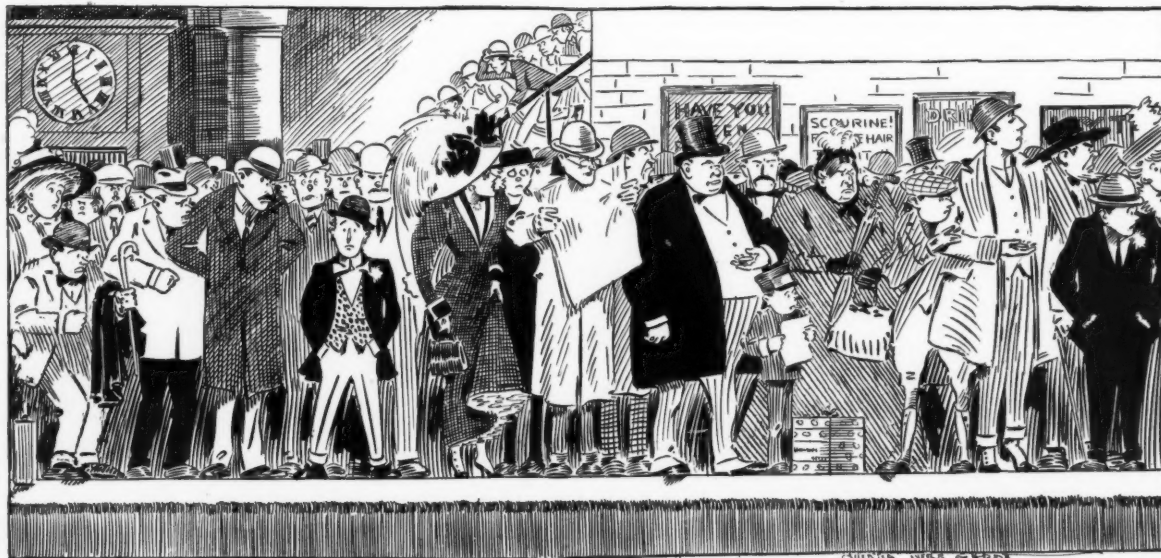
Above all, the colored comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper is a stumbling-block to the critic's path. For whom, he wonders, and for whom, we wonder, too, can these pictures be intended? Do grown-up people trace the disastrous consequences of Sammy's Sneeze, or follow Faithful Fritz through his ever-repeated duckings and tumblings? Has American humor reverted to the simple ancestral type which regarded an accident of any kind as mirthful? Are the supplements designed for the exclusive refreshment of the feeble-minded, or

as a blight upon the intelligence of youth? Or can it be possible that we are all, without knowing it, at the "Slovenly Peter" stage of mental development? These are questions which the *Nineteenth Century* lacks the spirit and intelligence to answer. It merely observes that "a family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupa-

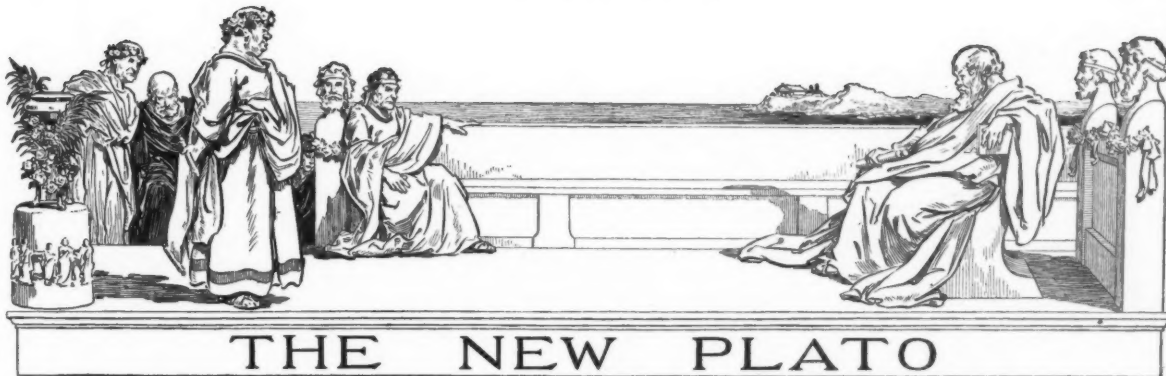


TOTTERING

tion"—a statement too obvious for regard. A family "saturated" with the Sunday newspaper would probably be tottering on the verge of idiocy; but the American mind is not of a porous quality. It was the wise Marcus Aurelius who—tormented with the superfluities of Rome—advised his readers to save themselves by inattention from the knowledge of useless things. Agnes Repplier.



RAPID TRANSIT—THE 4.30 EXPRESS



THE NEW PLATO

The Tariff

(Socrates Is the Narrator)

YESTERDAY I returned from the Peace Conference at Paris, and thought I would go and look at my old haunts. So I went into the Palæstra of Taurus, which is over against the Temple of the Stock Exchange, near Trinity.

And while I was there a number of persons came up and spoke to me. And among others Critas, who asked me if I had met Carnigas at the Conference.

I believe he was there, I said, but I did not see him.

I should like, said Critas, to have you talk with him of the Tariff.

And so he called him, and Carnigas and we sat down together.

He is the one whom they say has done more for the Tariff than any one else, and has derived profit from it, so that the Theatre of Dionysius has been rebuilt according to his direction, with his name just above the statue of Athene. Which would be accounted a sacrilege by some, only in these days we are so much more liberal.

What is the Tariff? I said, abruptly, to Carnigas, for I did not like his manner as he sat beside me. He appeared to be a strutter, and I had a wild-beast kind of feeling for him which I endeavored to control.

The Tariff, he said, is for the benefit of mankind in general, and for me in particular.

And the Tariff makes articles scarce?

Yes, Socrates. But on the other hand, it makes higher wages, and the many would not have as much money as they do without a Tariff.

And you yourself, Carnigas, would not have so much.

No. I could not give away so much to the poor.

That would be a pity.

But, I assure you, Socrates, the Tariff is a splendid thing.

I could not help smiling at Carnigas, he was so earnest.

I am not disputing you, I said. Let us, however, proceed with the argument. Of necessities, Carnigas, there are a few and the many.

Yes.

And when they are few it is better for all, because there is more money to pay for them.

Yes.

Then, let me ask you, Carnigas, are laborers a necessity?

Oh, yes, assuredly.

But there is no Tariff on laborers. They are urged to come in, they are forced to come in, agents are sent out to make them come in.

But, Socrates, our steamship companies would suffer if they didn't bring them in. And our steamship companies are controlled by financiers, and financiers are necessary to run the State.

I am glad you mentioned that, Carnigas, because if the Tariff, by not interfering with the laborers who come in is of benefit to the financiers, then, of course, when it does interfere with other necessities and prevents their coming in, why then, that is a bad thing for the financiers, isn't it?

Carnigas was silent for a moment.

You are trying to trip me up, he said, at last.

I wish I had that power, I replied, gently.

At this his eye twinkled.

I might say to you, he replied, that the Tariff benefits the few at the expense

of the many, and that is why it is imposed on all necessities except laborers. For the financiers who control the State wish to keep the price of everything high which they *sell*, but labor, which they *buy*, they wish to obtain at the lowest price. But if I said all this you would not believe me.

O Carnigas, I replied, sadly, how then could I help but believe you, seeing that you have become so rich by just such a method.

Society

"**V**AN ARTHUR is reducing expenses, isn't he?"

"Quite materially. I heard him say he was looking about for a cheaper wife."

WESTWARD the course of empire takes its Bob Evans.



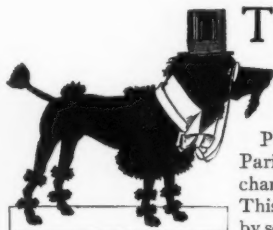
THE WIDOW'S MIGHT



TWO OF A KIND

"FUR HIVEN'S SAKE! DON'T SHOOT, CASEY; YE FORGOT TO LOAD YER GUN."
 "BEGORRY, OI MUST, PAT; TH' DOM BURD WON'T WAIT."

Good News for the Four-Legged French



THIS clipping from the New York *Herald* brings welcome news to Americans who have a decent regard for animals. We hope that public opinion may achieve similar results in our own country:

PARIS, Saturday.—It has been decided by the Paris medical faculty that there shall be no chance of vivisection or animal surgery in Paris. This scientific body rejected the proposal made by some of the members of the municipal council,

thought to be interested in science, to establish a professorship for the purpose of initiating for students a practice of surgery by experimenting on dogs and other living animals.

The medical faculty replied that this has nothing to do with science and nothing justifies such vivisection. By operating on animals the students never learn how to operate on the human body, but rather are led to make serious mistakes. The faculty added it considered that vivisection was inhuman and even immoral.

Time Is Money

NODD: There was to be a meeting of my creditors to-day.
 TODD: Well, wasn't there?

"No. They unanimously agreed that they couldn't afford to spend the time."

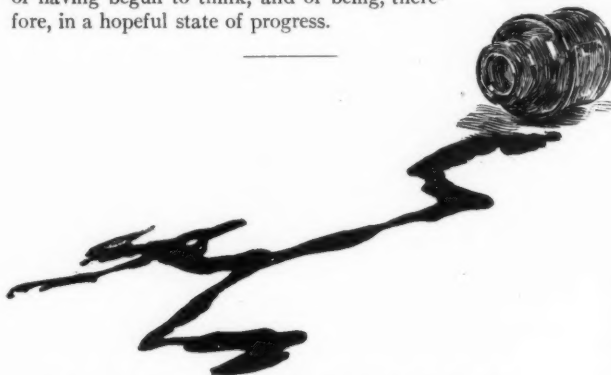
PROCRASTINATION is the W. T. Jerome of time.

Consoling Thoughts About the Young

DO NOT expect too much conversational wisdom from the young.

There are two classes of young persons: those who do not think at all, and those who think wrong. To think right requires knowledge, and of that the young can have only a very limited supply.

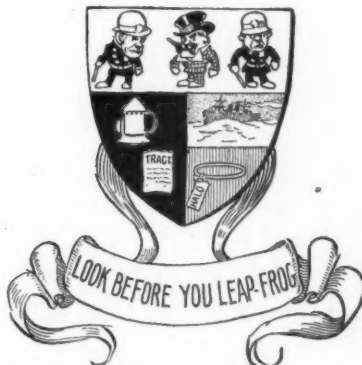
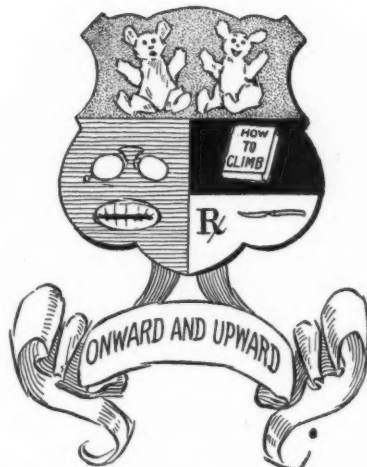
A young person, therefore, who utters mistaken opinions is not necessarily foolish, but gives the only evidence possible of having begun to think, and of being, therefore, in a hopeful state of progress.



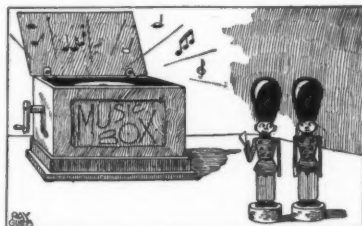
SEE THE INKY RACER RACING FOR THE INK-ERASER!

Who's What

In and Out of America



Wood, Leonard. A member of the Society of Friends, at one time a doctor in ordinary, and now ruler of the regular army and chief knight of the Royal Chamber, Keeper of the Royal Candelabras, and High Muckamuck to the Philippines. This young man, having nothing in his possession but a smooth tongue and a teddybear, started out to seek his fortune. Finding it in Cuba, he returned to Washington, carefully avoiding West Point, and is now leading Administration cotillions. He is a soldier by luck and an elocutionist by occupation. He is the author of "What's the Matter with Havana," "Toy Soldier," "The Prince Chap," etc.



"ILL BET A RIGHT JOLLY BUNCH LIVES IN THAT HOUSE, BILL"

Parkhurst, Charles. A reformed reformer, one of the first founders of the Tenderloin, now a retired sport. This gentleman acquired his great reputation as the inventor of the game of leap frog. As, unfortunately, he failed to get it copyrighted, it is now played by every one who wants to, without restriction, the only benefit he having received from it being a select line of free advertising. After this he mingled more or less in politics, but there being no call for advice unaccompanied by certified checks his usefulness was short lived. At present he eats, sleeps, talks and returns from Europe at regular intervals, while his old friend the Tenderloin pats him on the back and commends his efforts to keep silent. Favorite flower: Knight-blooming Serious. His principal recreation is seeing things at night. Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Sunrise on the Rialto," etc. Address, The Haymarket.

A Letter

Farmington, Conn.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I want to thank you for your always fine support of the good and condemnation of wrong of whatever kind. To my mind you are the greatest force for good I know, and you have hundreds of quiet appreciators like myself.

Yours most sincerely,
(Mrs.) FRANCES C. STIMSON.

Ade, George. At one time a popular humorist. By diligent luck and ability, this young man has risen to the front rank of those who make money by writing *at* posterity and *for* the present. He began life in prehistoric Chicago, learned the trade of hieroglyphics, and wound up in modern Egypt, where he covered the mummies with slang and gave them a new lease of life. As a syllable slinger, a handy man about the English language, a willing worker in grafting adjectives, he has no equal. His favorite occupation has been telling the truth in Fables, but latterly he has been excavating ideas behind the footlights. Some of his finds have been excellent, but some think the pocket is running to too much money. Never having been through a college he yet has had better luck with a college widow than any other man who has been there. Favorite motto: "You can search me." Address care Thotmes II, Chicago Subway.

"I TELL you, that boy and his sister have done well."

"They rose from a condition of great poverty, didn't they?"

"I should say so. Why, they were born into the family of a United States army officer."

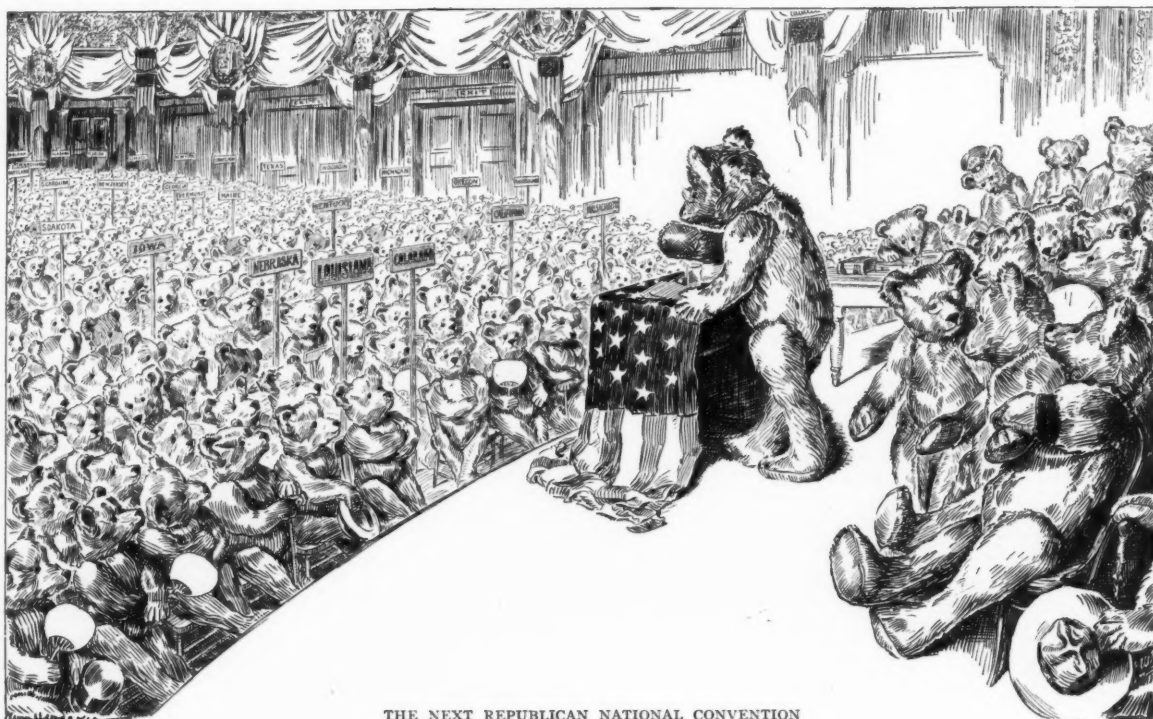
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THEY
IF THEY MAKE IT UNPLEASANT FOR THEM TO STAY OUT
ARE NICE TO HIM WANT TO



THEY
WANT FOR HIM TO STAY OUT OF SPITE. IF THEY
WANT TO GO



THE NEXT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



Various Things That Come to Town



HE personal interestingness of Maude Adams is not to be denied. Nor her personal charm. In some of her rôles, notably *Lady Babbie* and *Peter Pan*, her personality and her knowledge of stage art have combined into a most delightful and perfect realization of the character. In others, for example, the *Duc* in "*L'Aiglon*," *Juliet* and the present *Chicot* in "*The Jesters*," we are led to believe that those who shape her destinies permit her or urge her to engage in undertakings which are beyond her powers. Anything that she does is interesting, but with what she possesses in the way of charm and qualification her attempts should all of them be triumphs instead of some of them partial failures.

The story of "*The Jesters*" makes her appear first as a youth of the sixteenth century in France and, for the most of the play, as a jester with a hump which is not made large enough to interfere seriously with her attractiveness. It is rather a robust character, too much so for the slender physique and rather piping tones of

Maude Adams. In her love-making, and in the scene when she tames the braggart *Vulcano*, she is deficient to the picture, and one leaves her personation with much the same feeling that one has after seeing a play with a very feminine tinge. This impression is heightened by the colorless performance of the heroine, *Solange*, by Consuelo Bailey. In refreshing contrast is the *Vulcano* of Mr. Von Seyffertitz, which, although marred by his German accent, had an authority and finish infrequently seen in American companies. Mr. Holt's *Oliver* was also effective.

"*The Jesters*" is made into what sounds like soap-advertisement verse by Mr. John Raphael from the French of Miguel Zamacois. It is a slight, fanciful story told rather prettily, but neither in matter nor manner does it sink very deeply into one's consciousness.

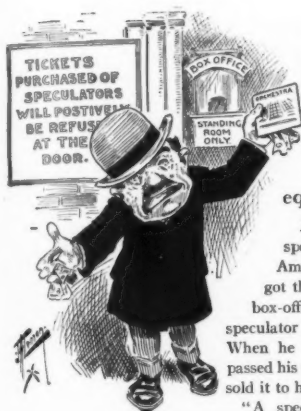
Both for plays and performances we should rather sit through "*Peter Pan*" or "*The Little Minister*" again than through "*The Jesters*."

* * *

MR. PAUL ARMSTRONG evidently has a good, big, large-hearted, red-blooded, western contempt for the puny people and things of the East. That is the principal and only valuable fact the audience derived from his play, "*Society and the Bulldog*." He has certainly paid a good price to express that sentiment. The production was an expensive one in scenery and costumes, and it is not imperilling one's reputation as a dramatic prophet to predict that the investment will be very nearly a total loss. The play never gets near reality, either in its miner's life in the West nor in its attempted satire of society life as it is lived at Sherry's in the East. In the latter aspect the scene-builder showed a much greater familiarity with Sherry-society than did Mr. Armstrong's lines and situations. Even the "gay, white way" segment of New York society, attracted by a first night on Saturday, recognized the falsity of the theme and its exposition. That giddy element, which is very easily gold-bricked in theatrical

matters, refused to take "Society and the Bulldog" either as fun or earnest.

Mr. Armstrong puts too much biters in his Sherry's.



* * *

THIS letter from a Bostonian who gives his name, but not for publication, repeats a statement which LIFE has had before from an equally reliable source:

Dear Sir—Apropos of the speculators' game at the New Amsterdam. A friend of mine got the usual turn-down at the box-office. He patronized a speculator and—what do you think? When he gave up at the door he passed his ticket over to the man who sold it to him!

"A speculator on the sidewalk indicates a crooked manager inside." BOSTON.

Was it absolutely necessary, dear Mr. Boston, that you should go to that particular "show" at that particular time? Were there no other entertainments in New York that evening to which you might have given your patronage and secured equal enjoyment, without being robbed by a house-speculator? If you were a New Yorker it would go without saying that you would submit to any extortion rather than stand out for fair play. New Yorkers have no public-spirit and are always ready to fight and crowd and push and climb over one another's shoulders in their fierce ambition not to be out of the swim. But we thought that in Boston it was different—that over there you cultivated a spirit of independence which enabled you to admit, without the blush of shame, that you had not done or had not seen a certain thing because you resented the conditions involved. Perhaps, though, you had been in New York long enough to be infected by the cowardice which makes the New Yorker submit to any imposition, any humiliation, sooner than be obliged to admit that he is not exactly up to date on every subject that can be mentioned.

* * *

WE HAVE learned from many, perhaps too many, dramatists that the matrimonial triangle is never equilateral. In "Irene Wycherley," now first done in America by Miss Viola Allen and a very competent and well-rehearsed cast, the longest leg of the triangle is a very bad lady indeed, who not only poached on Irene's marital preserves but became responsible for a murder and two suicides. These crimes are not present on the stage, but are sufficiently accessible to the dramatist and the plot to give the play a more forcible

interest than usually attaches to English society drama. Mr. Wharton is a new author, and if his play lacks the finish of experience it has an originality and strong dramatic interest which holds our attention closely to the unfolding of his story. We lag a little during some rather long-spun-out conversations, but they are not unnatural and lead up to dramatic use. Miss Allen, as the mistreated wife, introduces herself to New York once more in modern costume. She has not, however, changed the familiar intonation with its cloying sweetness and falling cadences, nor does she project a large amount of personal magnetism across the footlights. It is possible to imagine a much better performance of the part and easier to picture very much worse ones, but well supported, as she is, hers is sufficient. In a cast of general excellence the performance of Mr. Edwin Arden as the repulsive, blackguard husband was particularly well conceived and carried out.

Anyone who cares to see a play nowadays will find "Irene Wycherley" a legitimate, strong drama unusually well acted. It is not intended nor suited for those of tender years. This may be said of almost all plays now, since present-day dramatists have decided with a practically unanimous vote that only one of the commandments can supply dramatic material for an up-to-date play. With this qualification "Irene Wycherley" may be said to be quite worth seeing.

* * *

ON JANUARY 31, 1907, LIFE printed a false prediction. Taking as the point of departure the date of the Iroquois Theatre fire, in which something like six hundred persons who had gathered to see Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger's "Mr. Bluebeard, Jr.," lost their lives, LIFE predicted that the next similar disaster was due in about five years. This interval was figured from the dates of the four great theatre fires of modern times, viz., the Ring Theatre, Vienna, 1881, 450 killed; Exeter, England, 1887, 200 killed; Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, 1876, 300 killed, and the Iroquois Theatre, 1903, over 600 killed and 250 injured.

The recent theatre fire at Boyertown, Pa., with its more than two hundred killed, comes along about four years ahead of time, according to the schedule. This leads us to believe that our basis of calculation was wrong. Owing to the greatly increased number of theatres throughout the United States the average interval between these fires is likely to be considerably shortened.

This calls to mind again the vicious system in force in New York in regard to the safety of the public in theatres and similar places. In case of a great disaster here it would be impossible to place the blame because the responsibility is scattered among the Building, Fire and Police De-

partments. This most important public service should be committed to a special bureau with full power and full responsibility.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Final weeks of Mr. Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates as the heroine. Interesting American drama well acted.

Astor—Viola Allen in "Irene Wycherley." See opposite.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia." Pleasing war-time play, beautifully staged and with good cast.

Bijou—Mme. Nazimova in "The Comet." A disagreeable problem not agreeably propounded.

Casino—"Funabashi." Commonplace musical play.

Criterion—"Miss Hook of Holland." Musical comedy with pretty airs. Excellent of its kind.

Daly's—"Society and the Bulldog." See opposite.

Empire—Maude Adams in "The Jesters." See opposite.

Hackett—"The Witching Hour." Mr. John Mason, Mr. Russ Whytal and good company. Unusually interesting play very well performed.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and large company in diverting musical farce.

Hippodrome—"The Battle of Port Arthur" and "The Four Seasons." Military spectacle, ballet and circus features. All good.

Lincoln Square—Edna May Spooner in the old Belasco success, "The Heart of Maryland."

Lyric—Mr. E. A. Sothern in "Lord Dundreary." Notice later.

Madison Square—"The Reckoning" and "The Literary Sense." Two clever and interesting little plays with Katherine Grey as the star.

Majestic—"The Top o' th' World." Musical extravaganza. Funny and amusing.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—"A Grand Army Man." Mr. David Warfield and well-selected cast in agreeable and well-staged play of American rural life.

Weber's Music Hall—Burlesque of "The Merry Widow." The familiar music and considerable fun.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



WELL-KNOWN PLAYS
"A SCRAP OF PAPER"



ANOTHER ICE TRUST

The LATEST BOOKS

HORACE A. VACHELL'S novel, *Her Son*, will be found worth reading by such lovers of fiction and observers of life as recognize the reciprocal currents of judgment and understanding that flow between the two. It is the story of a girl who, moved by a Quixotic idea of atoning for another's wrong, adopts another's child and brings it up as her own. The drama of events and of character which results is interesting both as a story and as a study. It deals with diverted, not perverted, instincts; it achieves at times both the beauty that springs from understanding and the pathos that inheres in the inexorable. It is a book closed to the young, not because it discloses that which they should not know, but because it contains much that they can not comprehend.

In a volume entitled *The Road* are gathered Jack London's accounts of his life as a tramp. On the whole it is a flat, perfunctory and disappointing narrative. Other writers, dowered neither with Mr. London's talents nor his opportunities, possessing neither his instinctive understanding of crude humanity nor his grasp of dramatic values, have brought us into closer touch, if not with the mechanics of hobo locomotion, at least with the impulses and the heart of the hobo.

LIFE does not often concern itself with special, or limited, editions, for the reason that limited editions are of limited interest. But it is tempted to think that neither the rule, nor the reason for it, holds good in the case of a recently published volume upon *Abraham Lincoln*—a book that is not only a fine example of the art of making books, but that, in Truman H. Bartlett's critique of its eighteen portraits, contains a deeply interesting and valuable contribution to the study of a great man.

David Grayson's *Adventures in Contentment* contains a series of chapters dealing, in a manner pleasantly oblique and tangential, with the much neglected art of being one's self. The author started out in the city in pursuit of Success. Having broken down in the chase, he rented a farm and started in to be a failure. His book is concerned with the unexpected by-products of his experiment and is by no means without its charm and its message.

The Alaska Social Whirl

THE Duke of Skookum led the waltz
In graceful swing, with Atlin Nan,
While Skaguay Sue whirled down the line
With One-Ear Jake—from Ketchikan;
But Patient Hank and Thirsty Kate
With scorn gazed on a couple free,
For Atlin Nan refused to talk
To Dago Pete or Sweet Marie.

Then Five-Ace-Jim to Frisco Maude
Remarked across the genial foam,
That Hobo Bill and Ping-Pong Nell
Had robbed a sluice box, up at Nome.
Yet e'en with these, they joked and drank,
And sang, and danced, with spirits free,
But all agreed they could not mix
With Dago Pete and Sweet Marie.

Then Sam-the-Swede and Ashcroft Lil
Said Rose Lepine (from Point Levis)
Was acting as no lady would,
(She'd swapped her clothes with Red McGee).
But while they scrapped among themselves,
On this thing they could all agree,
They would not talk, nor dance nor drink
With Dago Pete or Sweet Marie.

MORAL

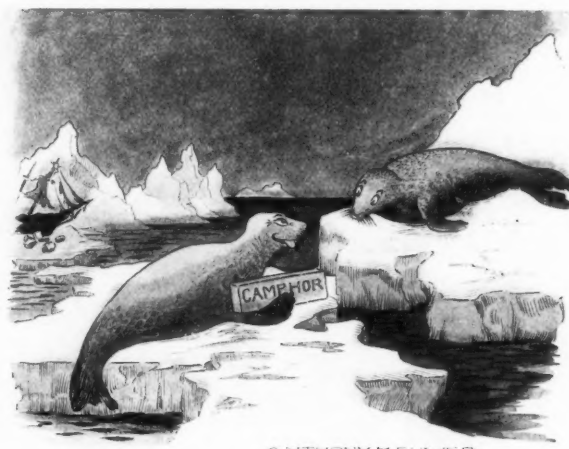
In Palace or in Dance-Hall cult,
'Mid London fog, or Arctic chill,
In Dive or Mansion, north or south,
The social lead we follow still.
And we refuse to talk or drink,
To nod or dance, to smile or meet
Those whom our social law frowns down,
Like Sweet Marie and Dago Pete.

C. H. E. Askwith.

For the benefit of those jumpers at conclusions who, reading Mr. Grayson's book and being enamored of his content, may conclude that the road thither lies through buying a farm, we note a work on *Farm Management*, by F. W. Card. It will both give them some excellent general information and correct their possible misapprehension of Mr. Grayson's meaning. Incidentally it should prove serviceable reading to those more seriously interested in its subject.

Nelson Rust Gilbert's account of *The Affair at Pine Court*—the strenuous story of an Adirondack house party, isolated and besieged by a gang of roughs—constitutes a generous and effective dose of what one may, without stretching the analogy, describe as hypodermic fiction. It is charged with "dope." Its purpose is to sooth by exciting. One starts it with a jab and absorbs it subcutaneously at a single sitting by a steady pressure on the piston. It is a good example of a bad habit.

The literary stork has been around and *Emmy Lou*—George Madden Martin's *Emmy Lou*—has a little sister. Her name is



ANTHONY M. EVERETT

"MY DEAR, SEE WHAT I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO GO WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW COAT"



YET ANOTHER WHO WILL BE A SISTER TO HIM

Abbie Ann and she is very nice and should be popular among those of her own age, but she is not likely to put her elder sister's nose out of joint.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Her Son, by Horace A. Vachell. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
The Road, by Jack London. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)
Abraham Lincoln, by Carl Schurz and Truman H. Bartlett. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$10.00.)
Adventures in Contentment, by David Grayson. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.20.)
Farm Management, by F. W. Card. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.00.)
The Affair at Pine Court, by Nelson Rust Gilbert. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)
Abbie Ann, by George Madden Martin. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Millennium



WHEN the millennium comes it will be recognized by any one of the following phenomena:

The brewers will favor prohibition.
 Employers will raise wages without a struggle.
 Goods will be just as cheap before Christmas as after.

Fireworks manufacturers will demand a quiet Fourth of July.

Doctors will get paid as quick as landlords.
 Financiers will lower interest rates when money is tight.
 Seventy-nine million people will seem more than one million.

The Sunday precept will be the week-day example.
 Senator Platt will resign.

Jerome will get busy.

Ellis O. Jones.

Eternal Youth

LIFE, that immortal kid, that epitome of youth, that everlasting smile in literature, is a quarter of a century old! It is unbelievable. It is surely a joke. LIFE can never be as old as that. It is an age of extreme sophistication—twenty-five years; a time of life when the American youth knows it all and knows that he knows it all. After that, sometimes a long time after, the American young man begins to get young. But LIFE has never been young, in this sense, and we are certain that it never will be old, in this sense. It is too acute for its eternal infancy, and too guileless and merry for its buddhistic wisdom. Posing as a cherub, with wings, LIFE distills the wisdom of the ages in the medium of pure humor.—*Profitable Advertising.*

IT'S no use Bryan over spilt milk.

A Preference

WIFE: Which church shall we go to, dear, the Episcopal or Methodist? The preachers are equally good.
 "Episcopal. Better music and less brimstone."



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

WITH A SATIRICAL STREAK

French tact is proverbial. A rather tiresome marquis came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne, of the court of Louis XVI. "That was exactly what I was going to say to you," observed the prince, suavely.—*Youth's Companion*.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

FAIR PATIENT: I suffer greatly from insomnia, doctor.
DOCTOR: You should eat something just before retiring.
"But you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."
"Oh, that was a year ago. Science has made rapid strides since then."—*Chicago News*.

"I don't like Jigsby. He is always running people down."
"Gossip or motorist?"—*Baltimore American*.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Lawrence had just cried, "Don't give up the ship."
"But," queried an officer of the line, "suppose the President calls you names if you don't?"
Happily the great captain died before he had to solve the question.—*New York Sun*.



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

WHAT AILED THE GUN

A successful oculist of Baltimore recently put in a day or two with his new shotgun in the reed-bird marshes near Washington. He soon noticed that when using the left-hand barrel he generally brought down the game, but that when using the other barrel he invariably missed. He finally tacked a small target to a bush near the river's bank, and fired at it several times with each barrel, in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong.
"Well," said the oculist to a friend who was with him, "as nearly as I can make out, this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of astigmatism."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE most encouraging thing that has come to the ears of newspaper reporters is the statement from General Booth that when he gets to heaven he expects to be tackled by a lot of reporters.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"So you think the new gold coin is entirely appropriate?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Considering the scare some of us capitalists had, the idea of depicting the eagle with fringe on the bottom of his trousers is positively poetic."—*Washington Star*.

DISORDER IN THE HOUSE

A scene that was more than farcical occurred in the House of Commons last session. Two of the most respectable members of the house were seen with their coats off, and with a staid old policeman standing between them.

The two had been down stairs to wash their hands, and by some mischance had changed coats. They went into the house together. One of them, putting his hand into his coat pocket, pulled out an old briar pipe of very strong flavor. It was not his. He looked at the coat, also that of his neighbor, and, turning to his friend, said:

"Excuse me, but I think you have put on my coat."
"I beg your pardon; I have done nothing of the kind."
"I think," replied the other parliamentarian, "this is your pipe; and if you put your hand into the right hand pocket of the coat you are wearing you will find a cigar case."

"Dear me!" was the reply, "you certainly are right. What shall we do?"

"We cannot change in the house," observed the first member. "Let us go into the division lobby."

Here is where the policeman came in. Seeing the two facing one another, and, at the same time, taking off their coats, the policeman feared the worst. He rushed up, and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Not here, please!"—*M. A. P.*

OVER OATH AND UNDER

J. Thomas Heflin, a distinguished member of the Alabama delegation in Congress, maintains that his State is the most chivalrous in the country. "Nowhere," he recently remarked, "is this more to be observed than in those least chivalrous of places, the courts of law. Not long ago one of our best-known judges, famed for his severity and his uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, had to try a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be an actress of no small popularity in the South. It chanced that the nature of her evidence was such that the usual question about her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his honor told the court-clerk to suspend action for a moment; then, turning to the actress, he demanded:

"Madam, how old are you?"
"Twenty-six," replied the witness, who is thirty-six if she is a day.

"Very well," said the Judge, politely. "I asked you that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And, now that you have told us your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"CROSSING the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed," he said, "but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashers out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"—*Rochester Herald*.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT

We were talking about honors, and I heard the story about Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., when he was knighted.

"Oh," said a lady friend, "dear Sir Lawrence, I am so glad. I suppose now that you have been knighted you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman?"—*The Tatler*.

A BALTIMORE man had until recently a ducky in his employ—about as shiftless and worthless a ducky, says he, as ever he came across. One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job. "Will you give me a letter of recommendation?" asked Sam, piteously. Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro. His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."—*Argonaut*.

TO THE ORACLE

Oracles of Delphi,
Tell me, ere I'm daft,
Will it be long Fairbanks?
Corpulent Bill Taft?
Root?—or simply Teddy?
Who will win the sprint?
Oracle of Delphi,
Won't you drop a hint?

Wise Cuman Sibyl,
Tell me this, my dear:
Bawling Billy Bryan,
Will he reappear?
Cortelyou, the Oyster,
Will he hold the keys
To the White House portals?
Won't you tell me, please?

Will it be Philander
Whom the voters choose?
Or will it be Charley,
Fighting Charley Hughes?
Or—the dickens take it!
Dope it out—I can't.
Tell me, tell me, tell me!
ANY clairvoyant.

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

One day last summer a German entered the establishment of a photographer in a Southern town, and after several glances about the place, observed mournfully that the photographer did not seem to have the properties essential to the taking of a picture he desired.

"I should like a picture of myself weepin' beside my wife's grave," he said. "Maype you fix a grave here in de shop for me?"

"I am afraid I haven't the necessary accessories," said the photographer. Then, with an attempt at facetiousness, he suggested: "Couldn't we arrange to have the portrait made at the grave itself?"

"Dot's in Bennisylvania," sighed the German. "It would be too expensive to go there. Yust you fix up some kind of a grave here in de shop. I could weep on dot. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"FIRST class in statesmanship, stand up. What is the purpose of an army?"

"Please, sir, to garrison our colonial dependencies, sir."
"Of what advantage are colonial dependencies?"
"They are a good training-school for the army, sir."
"And what is the purpose of a navy?"
"To protect our mercantile marine, sir."
"But what is the need of a mercantile marine?"
"Please, sir, to supply the navy with experienced seamen, sir."
"Isn't this what is called reasoning in a circle?"
"No, sir—in a spiral. The longer you go on the more you are up in the air."
"Dismiss!"—*Sporting Times*.

"CADDY, how many strokes is that for this hole?" asked the golfer with the plaid cap.

"I can't say, sir."
"Can't say?"
"No, sir; I can only count up to twelve, sir."—*Pick Me Up*.

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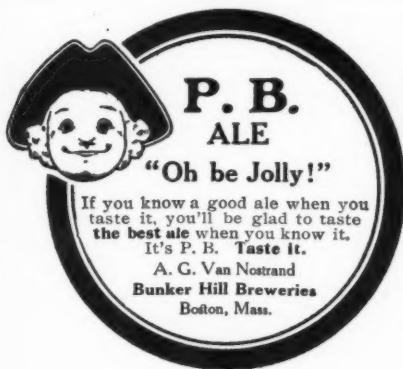
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ADMITTED ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1908.

Bonds and Stocks owned by Company.....	\$3,028,679.21
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. \$7,480,100).....	8,233,860.00
Loans on Bonds.....	550,000.00
Real Estate owned by Company.....	5,311,100.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force.....	2,399,831.73
Cash in Bank and on hand.....	208,965.68
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in Course of Collection.....	182,417.25
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	250,942.24

\$20,165,796.11

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (as computed by New York Insurance Department)	\$18,167,665.00
All other liabilities.....	143,086.40
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND.....	1,855,044.71

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HIS LUMINOUS VIEWS

The statesman leans back in his chair,
Looks out across the park,
And, weighing every word with care,
Delivers this remark:

"The tariff is a meaty nut;
I think it should be altered, BUT"—

The statesman fumbles with his pen,
Debating means and ways,
Looks out across the park again
And sapiently says:

"The ship of state is not a skiff;
The tariff will be altered, IF"—

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

England is the home of Bridge; London is a home of "Rad-Bridge"

A QUIANT COMPLAINT

On Mark Twain's seventy-second birthday a Hartford clergyman said of him:

"No wonder he finds happiness in old age. All the aged would be happy if they were as sympathetic and as kind as he. He is constantly going out of his way to please others, and the result is that he is continually pleasing himself.

"Listen, for instance, to the quaint compliment he paid me the last time he came to hear me preach. He waited for me at the church door at the end of the service and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely:

"I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought. But to-day I couldn't do it. You interfered with me. You forced me to attend to you, and lost me a full half hour. I beg that this may not occur again."—New York Tribune.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—Booklet.

THE late Sir John Millais was a very keen fisherman. He used to tell a story of an old man who was his attendant during a day's sport in the north of England. The old man was full of local gossip and small scandal, and, where the natural supply failed him, he was clearly able to manufacture enough of his own to go on with. "I were out with the bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary, who is also a good fisherman. "Ah," replied Millais, "he's a good man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "'e may be, but 'e do swear a bit when 'e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" replied Millais, "I don't believe that." The old man insisted that he was right, however. "I'll give you an instance," he said. "I was standing 'longside o' the bishop, same as I might be aside o' you, an' 'e'd got a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, an' I turns to 'is lordship an' I says, 'e pulls — 'ard, don't 'e?' and the bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, ain't that swearin'?"—M. A. P.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.

THE TROUBLE WITH CARR

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said, graciously, after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page, "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."—Youth's Companion.

"NOTHING DOING"

"Nothing doing!" Is that slang? I thought it was until last night, when I came upon the words in Dickens's "Dombey & Son." In chapter IV. old Sol Gills is explaining to his nephew Walter why the shop must be closed and the business abandoned. "You see, Walter," said he, "in truth this business is merely a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it; but there's nothing doing, nothing doing." So you see, the phrase had its pathetic fitness half a century ago, and is not slang at all.—Wasp.

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"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

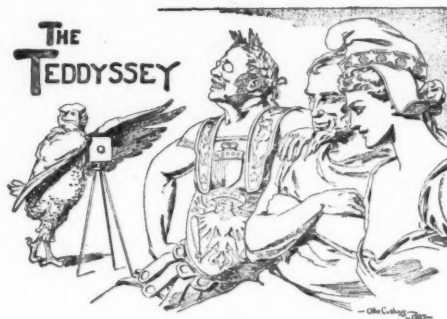
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The Literary Zoo.

The President's English

THE "sterile din of politics" is no concern of ours. If we note with a sigh of relief that Mr. Roosevelt has formally and finally decided not to adopt the Presidency as a profession, it is partly because the press may now feel constrained to supply us with more novel reading matter, and partly because it leaves us free to discuss the President's future career in literature. It is not likely that Mr. Roosevelt will hark back to the unprofitable pursuit of ranching. Office-holding in a minor capacity, after one has bossed the job so long, would be much as if a bear-hunter were to go a-gunning for cotton-tails. The Army and Navy hold forth some congenial opportunities; but Congress might not see its way to promoting a former colonel of volunteers to a brigadier generalship, and an ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy might make an indifferent admiral. As for the law, Mr. Roosevelt never really entered upon that profession: and when it comes to commerce, there are people who insist that the President has no head for business.

* * *

THUS the process of exclusion, no less than the record of past achievement, clearly points to the literary career as the true occupation for the author of "The Strenuous Life." And hence we are concerned to note the unfavorable criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt's most considerable essay—the recent message to Congress. Critics of its "intolerable length" declaim upon the author's alarming tendency to repetition—the reverence for his own previous utterances, which "impels him to assert over and over again the ideas and doctrines he has previously expressed," and to punctuate with rounded periods certain forms of thought which long familiarity has stamped with the appearance of platitude.

* * *

BUT in this method of composition, Mr. Roosevelt is not without literary precedent. Voltaire learned from the Abbé de Saint-Pierre that in order to impress great truths on the minds of men it is necessary to say the same thing over and over again; and Voltaire, as everybody knows, profited by the precept, and became a power in France. That he varied somewhat the form of these repetitions is only to say that he wrote with the craftiness of his countrymen. The Anglo-Saxon is less artful. To name but two instances in the literature of our own times, George Moore has a passion for recasting his old work, while the late



The Baby's Picture

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Frank Norris deliberately and literally repeated his own phrases within the covers of the same book.

THE question of truism or platitude is a more delicate one, and changes with the auditor and the conditions of the utterance. Thus, to remark in London, "It's a fine day," is to display a talent for original observation, whereas the very same remark if made in the City of Mexico would skirt the edges of the obvious. Dr. Holmes decried the katydid because it said an undisputed thing "in such a solemn way"; yet Goethe, after mature reflection, declared, "To-day is not to-morrow," and—if we may be permitted the idiom—"got away with it." Carlyle exploded in wrath because a fellow-voyager pursued him with familiar truths about the state of the weather. Yet Ruskin owns to a "flat truism" when he says that "industry, frugality and discretion—the three foundations of economy—are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline"; and he excuses himself on the ground that the truism is virtually denied by the entire populace of Europe, "who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry." We find a parallel in Theodore Roosevelt's "The Mission of the Republican Party": his truism that, in grappling with national problems, "Success can come only by the exercise of wisdom and courage, energy and highmindedness," is specifically combatted by those who decline to tamper with the tariff.

HE WHO would asperse the President's parts of speech should go slow. Otherwise he may find himself in the class with that hypercritical Atlanta editor who has discovered that Mr. Roosevelt by his use of "will" and "shall" has left himself free to accept a nomination for a third term.

"Don't Write, and Fear Not"

THE irresistible body has impinged against the immovable object, with painful results to the Innocent Bystander. We refer to the recent scandalous collision between that model of the social and literary proprieties, *Collier's* weekly, and the clergyman-author, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, sometime chaplain of the First Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and at present the rector of Trinity Church in Toledo, Ohio. Unlike the facetious witness in the celebrated case of Mann vs. Hapgood, we do not shave ourselves, and so we sometimes do read, if not inwardly digest, the "national weekly."

It appears that the Rev. Mr. Brady (whom *Collier's* affectionately refers to as "Cyrus" and "Dear Old Brady") planned a series of sermons on "The Religion of a Gentleman," in which he designed "to

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exhibit our Lord as the ideal gentleman of humanity" Realizing from experience that thirty heads are better than one, he addressed a circular letter to a number of eminent men and women (all ideal in their respective departments of activity), asking their collaboration in solving the oft-probounced question, "What is a 'gentleman'?" The editor of *Collier's* saw a copy of this letter, and reproduced it with certain disparaging remarks on its author. The printing of a circular letter of this specific nature was not, in our opinion, a violation of privacy; but the question of taste involved in its publication was complicated by the editor's insulting comment, and by the peculiar sense of humor which led him to suggest a supplementary list of collaborators somewhat unhappy in the juxtaposition of honored names with notorious ones.

The Rev. Mr. Brady replied with a communication in which "newspaper blackguardism" and "scoundrelly conduct" are among the characterizations of the editor's action. He believes that unless the letter (addressed "My Dear Madam:") was obtained surreptitiously, it fastens "a very ugly action" on one of three distinguished ladies whom Mr. Brady does not hesitate to drag into publicity. One of these ladies has explained her innocence in the matter, and has expressed her opinion of Mr. Brady's quest as "irreverent," and her regret that his great sense of delicacy did not carry him a bit further in his search for a culprit. The other two, at last accounts, were still under suspicion.

It will be seen that the pursuit of Christian ideals (even in the season of goodwill to men) is attended with difficulties, and that a modern Diogenes looking for a gentleman is apt to run up against an editor looking for a picturesque topic. We regret to see that the personalities no longer considered good form by the daily press have been adopted in quarters where reflection has time to cool. Meanwhile, our cry is for a socially ethical Daniel come to judgment. In the delicately balanced case of Brady vs. *Collier's*, or vice versa, we feel ourselves incompetent to deliver the award.

WHEN the foreign missionary had concluded his talk, he made the usual appeal for contributions, however small. Coming up to the platform with several others, a small boy mounted to the level of the lecturer and hastening toward him, said, "Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and —and" —

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary, encouragingly. "You want to help in the good work?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you don't want?" —Argonaut.

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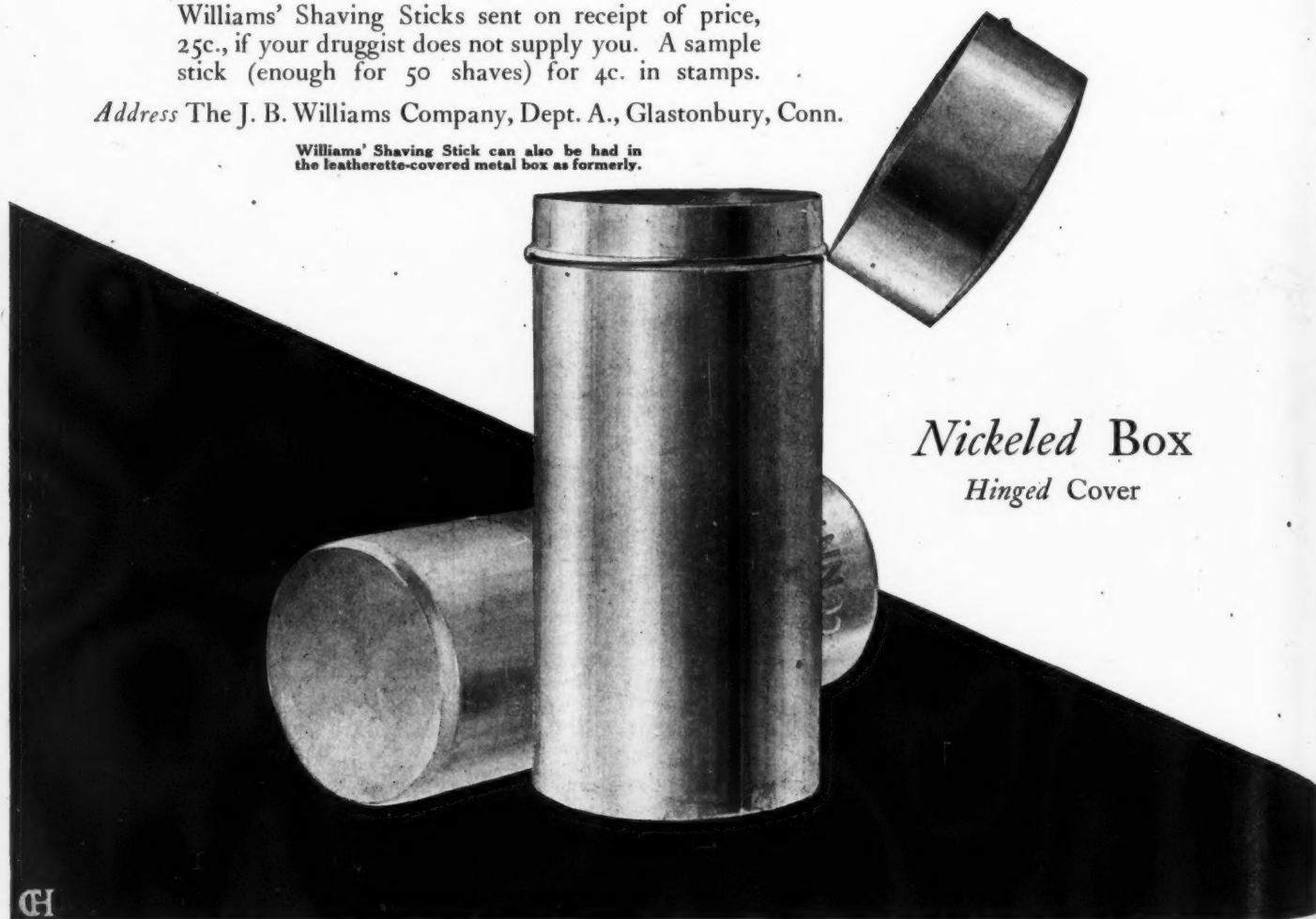
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